

SONGS
from
BHARATRIHARI

INTRODUCTION



Songs from Bharatrihari

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INTRODUCTION

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A king has come down to posterity and is remembered not for his exploits in arms, the strong imprints of which he has left on the sands of time, but for being a singer of spiritual values, whose songs, no less than three hundred slokas, usually quartets in number deal with a wide range of subjects from the love of the Creator and erotic poetry to ethical and moral advice and appeals to renunciation of the world. Classified under three heads they are generally culled under, Sringar, Niti, and Vairagya. They are as appears from their contents, written by him at different periods of his life—from the time when he dwelt in the midst of gaiety and was known as Mihiraja Bhartshari ruler of the vast kingdom of Ujjain to the period when with the garments of the barks, of trees, he wandered with the name of Śiva on his lips in the midst of beautiful scenes drawing his inspiration from the murmuring brooks and

the bubbling springs. In these offerings to poesy we have the glimpses of revolt, of sympathy and of mystic raptures.

ॐ Hermit Bhartrhari, is the phase of his life with which we deal in this book, and of his writings of that period. This must not be understood that we do not consider them equally important or excellent from the literary point of view that we ignore the Śṅgar and Nīti Śatakas, but because that is beyond our subject which is Mysticism. And it is here that we find flashes of it. As to his first two works who will not stop to brood and marvel at the literary excellence and imagery of his poems in the Nīti and the Śṅgar Śatakas? Therein, in choice similies to take an illustration, we have his description of the attributes of true friendship —

क्षीरेणामानोदकाय हि गुणा दत्ताः पुरातैऽपिः
क्षीरे तापमयेत्य तेन पयसा स्वाभा कृशार्त्ता हुतः ।
गन्तुं पारसुगुमनम्रदमयद्दृष्ट्वा तु मित्रापदं
युक्तं तेन जयेन शाम्बनि सतां मैत्री पुनरुप्रीदशी ॥

The friendship that exists between two good persons finds its parallel in that of milk for water. It is not observable that when water is put into milk, it disappears losing its very identity, becoming milk as it were. When the two together are placed on the boiling pan, water sacrifices itself annihilating into the form of vapour, for it cannot endure the sight of its friend the milk being burnt. Milk then wishing to give company to its departing friend the water, ebullates and wants to throw itself into the fire. And it is not calmed down till water is poured into it again, then alone it subsides. The two friends thus meet again.

In his Śringār Śataka speaking of women he says—

नून हि ते वरिरा निरनिमेषा
 ये निसाहुरवग इति कारिर्नाना ।
 याभिर्निनेत्तारनास्त्राक्षपानं
 सखादवोऽपि गिजिग अवग दयता ॥

Evidently the poets have no sense. They call women weak, Those whose amorous glances have conquered even gods like Indra surely they are not weak.

A keen observer, none will deny. His experiences sometimes bitter are really revealing. Here is one:—

I speak the Truth without any mitigation. Just listen. In this world there is nothing sweeter than a woman, nothing a source of greater bitterness of misery too.

स्मितेन भावेन च लज्जया भिषा

पराङ्मुखैर्धकटाक्षवीक्षणैः ।

वचोभिरीप्स्यकिटहेन छीलयाम्

समस्तभावैः खलु बन्धनं स्त्रियः ॥

In the pages following we have selected from his Vairagya Śataka. Suffice it to say that some of these Ślokas are really wonderful and engrave themselves on the hearts of people who do meditate on the nature of life. We

have called them songs, and so they really are. It is possible that some other editors might have selected different ones from his whole set of a century of Ślokas. It is all a matter of one's tastes. Our only apology is they have appealed to us more than others and hence they find a place here.

The translation is always a difficult task. Owing to the method of *Samāsa*, by which several words are joined together, in this compressed form a far wider ambit of ideas is covered in a few words. Again a literal translation seldom succeeds in expressing the beauty of the original Ślokas and at the same time makes the reading lifeless and insipid. However, the throb and the pulse is retained if while retaining the sense the liberty is taken with words. We have therefore tried to bring out the sense of the *songs* by even adding a few words of our own here and there, wherever we thought it necessary. The book is primarily meant for

those English knowing gentlemen who are unacquainted with the Sanskrit literature. However for benefit of those who know Sanskrit also and would like to remember the lines in the original and to enjoy their charm we have given the original lines also. There are many editions of the text of Vairāgya Śataka and several translations also, by Kale, Apte, and from Ramkrishna Mission Institute. But they differ only in minor points while the sense remains undisturbed in the various readings of the texts. In our selections, however, we have adopted the version which appeared to us to bring out the sense best.

The theme of the songs in the Vairāgya Śataka is the transitoriness of the world, the ephemeral nature of what passes for pleasure and happiness in this world. The appeal is to a simple life, which has an ideal and a goal before us, *viz.*, self-realization. Bhartṛhari is equipped to speak on the subject with confidence as he had

seen the material life as intimately as the spiritual one. Apart from the melody, one is thrilled by the coherent exposition and the vigorous appeal these lines make to the mind. Bhartṛhari is an exponent of Vedānta and we see the religious teacher in him at various places drawing our attention to the injunctions of the Śāstras. While advocating Vairāgya, Bhartṛhari does not point to any negative aspect of renunciation that would make us helpless and lazy, but advocates a spirit of detachment. "Sensual indulgence is always attended by fear of disease, beauty is ever exposed to the risk of old age and even a good name may be exposed to risk at the hands of a wily and unscrupulous slanderer," says he. Bhartṛhari insists on a logical approach at these subjects. However we find with vehemence he advocates individual effort and seems as of old to point to the efficacy of Nāma—as the pathway that will lead to self realization. He is never tired of insisting on

those English knowing gentlemen who are unacquainted with the Sanskrit literature. However for benefit of those who know Sanskrit also and would like to remember the lines in the original and to enjoy their charm we have given the original lines also. There are many editions of the text of Vairāgya Śataka and several translations also, by Kale, Apte, and from Ramkrishna Mission Institute. But they differ only in minor points while the sense remains undisturbed in the various readings of the texts. In our selections, however, we have adopted the version which appeared to us to bring out the sense best.

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तस्मादनन्तमजर परम विभासि
 तद्ब्रह्म चित्तय क्रिमेभिरसद्विकल्पै ।
 यस्यानुगङ्गिण इमे सुवनाभिपय-
 भोगादय कृपणमैकमता भवति ॥

The life of Bhartṛhari fits in with what we find in his songs. A few words about it will not be out of place and in any case will elucidate some points in the following songs. We have not been able to find any authentic data about his life. All that has come down filtering through the ages is more or less traditional and hearsay. But perhaps all are agreed that a domestic aversion led Bhartṛhari to forsake his kingdom and take up Sannyāsa. It is during this period of Sannyāsa that he is accredited with having composed these songs.

He is said to have flourished about the first or second century of the Christian Era. He was the ruler of Ujjain and was fortunate in having for

chanting the name of Siva His theme throughout is the impermanence of everything all around—

भ्रात कटमहोमहान् स नृपति सामन्तचक्र च तद्
 पार्श्वे तस्य च सापि राजपरिपत्ताश्चन्द्रविम्बानना ।
 उदित स च राजपुत्रनिग्रहस्ते बन्दिनस्ता कया
 सर्वे यस्य वशादगात्स्मृतिपद कालाय तस्मै नम ॥

Brother, watch how painfully does time efface, turning into dim memory them that once were powerful kings surrounded by ministers, counsellors, queens with faces beautiful as the rays of the moon, impetuous princes and bards. Time is most powerful Must we not make a bow unto it?

And we are by now familiar with his exhortation to give up these vain quests and "Seek ye, my dear friends only That. Enjoy That the taste of which will make the very kingship of the three worlds insipid Once you have tasted this unfading enjoyment, you will no longer find pleasure in rich food and clothes or even honour'

While such intrigues were progressing in the royal household and in the capital, a simple act was being done that was to disturb the equanimity of the Palace. In the jungle close by one of the king's subjects, a Yogi, was doing penance for years to propitiate his deity, and luckily for him, his penances proved efficacious and his god rewarded him by a little unrivalled gift. It was a fruit, the partaker of which if young was to maintain his youthful charms, while, besides, anybody who would take it would get the boon of life immortal.

The Yogi thought that he was not a fit person to enjoy the blessings that the fruit meant to confer, and considered the considerate King Bharatshri as the right person to enjoy it, so that a just rule might be administered in the realm. Having pondered thus, the Yogi decided to present it to the king.

The next morning the Yogi visited the king when he was holding his court. He was readily admitted into

his minister his brother the well known Vikramāditya after whom we have the Vikrama Era.

The tradition has it that Bharṭṛhari had a favourite queen to whom he was greatly devoted. Probably the queen was the youngest of all others, or maybe between her and the king there was a great disparity of age. Whatever be the cause, the queen did not return the love of the king, although she apparently made great professions while in her heart of hearts she disliked him and had her affections centred in one of the Officers of the State. The latter pretended to reciprocate, in the hope of anticipated lifts in his office, but genuinely he had regards only for a courtesan in the Capital and for none else. The courtesan on her part sold her love to any body who paid the price for it and the officer of the state could lay no special preference to her love nor did she in her heart hold him in esteem.

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The next morning the Yogi visited the king when he was holding his court. He was readily admitted into

the presence of the king, as was the wont with the latter who held the pious men in high esteem. The Yogi enumerated the virtues of the fruit and offered it to the king. The king gratefully accepted it and rewarded the Brahman. The king greatly loved his queen, and she was more precious to him than his own life. He therefore decided to offer it to the queen that she might brave the effect of time and stand its ravages. The queen after offering a few apologies accepted it. Then she thought that her paramour was more worthy than herself to eat the fruit, for love however ill-placed-effaces self and delights in the welfare of the beloved. The queen gave the fruit to her lover. For the same reasons that prompted the queen, the fruit was passed on by the officer to his beloved courtesan. The courtesan had got tired of her life spent in the house of ill fame. She would not like to perpetuate her youth if it was to be passed in such unholy

surroundings. She despised the corrupt profession and would fain like to discontinue it for ever. She thought that the only person who was worthy of the great prize was king Bhartrhari.

The next day the courtesan took the fruit to the king and enumerating its virtues offered it to him. The king recognized it as the one he had offered to his dear queen and was taken aback at how it could find its way to the courtesan. Immediately he sent for the Yogi and inquired if he had a second fruit. On receipt of the Yogi's reply in the negative the king instituted an inquiry and the truth was revealed to him.

It was a critical moment for him and one of tragic disillusionment. These moments always precede the moment of conversion. In an instant the enlightenment comes and one feels that he had been all the time in error, leading a life for which he was never meant and reposing his confidences and love

at places and in people who were not deserving. When such shocks come, the period of repentance, at once genuine and true follows. This has been the case with many a great devotees in the world. The impact has been sharp and they have recoiled with it. The insipidness and hypocrisy of life has dawned as if by a stroke from the miracle man. Sometimes hatred and repulsion, at other times grief and loss and yet at other moments the bare glimpse of the heavenly light has changed the careers of many a great soul and guided the pilgrims after perfection to their Home. When the glass case was broken and the conventional forms passing for love stood in their nakedness the gruesome sight was so hideous that Bharthari revolted and left the idle pursuit in which he had been passing his life. The illumination was to come later but the Teacher in this case was a woman, howsoever indirectly she contributed, as in the case of Tulasidas towards the Search. However he was bitter at the

outset when he received the shock, and this bitterness is portrayed by him in his oft quoted lines—

या चिन्तयामि सतत मयि सा प्रिक्ता
साप्यन्यमिच्छति जन स जनोऽन्यसक्त ।
अस्मत्कृते च परितुष्यति काचिदन्या
प्रिक्ता च त च मदन च इमा च मा च॥

'She who is always present in my
 mind has no love for me,
She pines for one who is attached
 to another,
This another in her turn cares not
for him and has her love placed
 elsewhere,
A woman loves me (though I care
 not for her),
God of Love ! you are to be pitied
and so am I and the rest of the lot "

Wandering saquins in ochre-coloured robes are still to be seen, every now and then, moving from place to place,

playing on a stringed instrument and singing songs about Raja Bhartrhari. It would appear that a sect of Yogis was founded by Bhartrhari himself or some disciple of his. Raja Bhartrhari lives in the songs sung by him and will be immortal in his fame so long as there will be people to care on this earth for the elegance and melody of the Sanskrit literature.

Daschra Day,
1936.

L. G. M.
B. B.



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from
BHARATRIHARI

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*In short verses the Hindus excel Their
mastery of form, their play of fancy, their
depth and tenderness of feeling are all
exquisite Of the many who wrote such
verses, the greatest is Bharatrihari*

—Arthur W Ryder

[An anthology of world poetry
Edited by M V Doren, Cassell]

उत्खात निधिः शङ्कया क्षितितटं ध्माता गिरेर्धातयो
 निस्तीर्णं सरिताम्पतिर्नृपतयो यत्नेन सतोपिता ।
 मन्त्राद्यन्तःपरेण मनसा नीता स्मशाने निशा
 प्राप्तं काणः सराटकोऽपि न मया तृष्णेऽधुना मुञ्च माम् ॥

In search of treasures did I dig up
 the face of the earth In pursuit of
 alchemy many a ore did I melt In
 search of wealth did I cross the very
 oceans. To obtain power and wealth
 did I pass nights after nights in the
 cremation ground chanting the incanta-
 tions Yet all my efforts did not bring
 me even a broken shell I sought for
 the cause It lay in my desires Accurs-
 ed are they I pray thee O grief
 leave me now

भ्रान्त देशमनेरुदुर्गनिपम प्राप्त न किञ्चित्फल
 त्यक्त्वा जातिकुलाभिमानमुचित सेवा कृता निष्फला ।
 भुक्त मानविमर्जित परगृहेष्वशङ्कया काकनत्
 तृष्णे दुर्मति पापकर्मनिरते नाद्यापि सन्तुष्यसि ॥

In vain did I tread difficult paths
 and roamed through inaccessible regions
 Unmindful of my high birth did I
 serve mean people but with no pro-
 fitable results In shame and in disgrace
 did I pass my days terrified in approach-
 ing un welcome homes, and living on
 crumbs thrown in disdain at me as to
 a crow Yet with all this far from
 sight remained the goal Accursed desire,
 thou promptest one to evil deeds Fie
 on thee Art thou still unsatisfied with
 my self abasement ?

मलोद्भाषा सोढा कथमपि तदारधनपै-
 र्निगृह्यान्तर्नाप्य हसितमपि शून्येन मनसा ।
 पृतञ्चित्तस्तम्भ प्रतिहतधियामञ्जलिरपि
 तमाशे मोघाशे किमपरमतो नर्त्तयसि माम् ॥

I put up with their light words to
 propitiate the wicked ones With sub-
 dued tears and a broken heart I feigned
 a vacant smile I suppressed my emotions
 and composed myself In supplication
 I bowed even to those fools Yet all
 to no purpose Accursed and delusive
 Hope, why playest thou thus with me
 still ?

भ्रान्त देशमनेकदुर्गविषम प्रात न किञ्चित्फल
त्यक्त्वा जातिकुलाभिमानमुचित सेवा कृता निष्फला ।
मुक्त मानमिजित परगृहेष्वशङ्कया वाक्यत्
तृष्णे दुर्मति पापकर्मनिरते नाद्यापि सतुष्यसि ॥

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ing unwelcome homes, and living on
crumbs thrown in disdain at me as to
a crow Yet with all this far from
sight remained the goal Accursed desire,
thou promptest one to evil deeds I lie
on thee Art thou still unsatisfied with
my self abasement ?

मलोच्छापाः सोढाः कथमपि तदाराधनपरै-
र्निगृह्यान्तर्वाण्यं हसितमपि शून्येन मनसा ।
कृतश्चित्तस्तम्भः प्रतिहतधियामञ्जलिरपि
त्वमाशे मोघाशे किमपरमतो नर्तयसि माम् ॥

I put up with their light words to propitiate the wicked ones. With subdued tears and a broken heart I feigned a vacant smile. I suppressed my emotions and composed myself. In supplication I bowed even to those fools. Yet all to no purpose. Accursed and delusive Hope, why playest thou thus with me still ?

आदित्यस्य गतागतैरहरहः संक्षीयते जीवितं
व्यापारैर्बहुकार्यभारगुरुभिः कालो न विज्ञायते ।
दृष्ट्वा जन्मजराविपत्तिमरणं त्रासश्च नोत्पद्यते
पीत्वा मोहमयीं प्रमादमदिरामुन्मत्तभूतं जगत् ॥

With the daily dawn and the sunset, the destined days of life are shortening. Time flies. Engrossed in the affairs of the world we do not see it go. Birth, decay, sickness, and even death do not arouse us to the consciousness of our sad plight. All this is proof sure that the gilded phenomena around us like the ruddy wine has intoxicated the world and made it insensate to the true nature of things.

निवृत्ता भोगेच्छा पुरुषबहुमानो विगलित
 समाना स्वर्गता सपदि सुहृदो जीवितसमा ।
 शनैर्यथ्योत्थान धनतिमिरस्ते च नयने
 अहो धृष्ट कायस्तदपि मरणापायचरित ॥

With the approach of old age the
 hunger for enjoyment have disappeared
 The body is enfeebled and all self-
 respect gone The dear ones of our
 age have already gone to rest in heaven
 On crutches we carry ourselves and
 with sight impaired walk Yet how
 shameless that this body trembles to
 think of its ultimate dissolution

भोगा न भुक्ता वयमेव भुक्ता-
 स्तपो न तप्तं वयमेव तप्ताः ।
 कालो न यातो वयमेव याता-
 स्तृष्णा न जीर्णा वयमेव जीर्णाः ॥

Innumerable are the enjoyments in life. We could not exhaust them, rather are we ourselves exhausted. Infinite was the number of penances. The body succumbed only to extreme misery. Time did not know its end rather we saw ours. Our desires never know infirmity or old age, we ourselves have aged.

क्षान्त न क्षमया गृहोचितसुख त्यक्त न सन्तापत
 सोढा दुःसहशीतमाततपनङ्गेशा न तप्त तपः ।
 ध्यात पित्तमहर्निश नियमितप्राणीर्न शम्भो पद
 तत्तत्कर्म कृत यदेव मुनिभिस्तेस्ते फलप्राप्तिता ॥

Forgiveness we practised but not
 out of compassion The comforts of
 home we renounced but not willingly
 Bitter rigours of climate, weather and
 seasons we bore but prompted by no
 idea of austerities We practised night
 long meditation only to please Mammon
 The control of breath we practised but
 not with thoughts centred at the feet
 of the Lord To all appearances our
 acts were the envy of sages yet no
 beneficial fruits ever fell to our lot

अजानन् दाहाख्य पततु शलभस्तोत्रदहने
 स मीनोऽप्यज्ञानाद्वडिशयुतमभातु पिशितम् ।
 विजानन्तोऽप्येते वयमिह विपज्जालजटिलान्
 न मुञ्चाम कामानहह गहनो मोहमहिमा ॥

What does the moth see in the
 candle flame? It falls into it. Life departs.
 By ignorance prompted thus doth he
 act. The fish swallows the bait. Little
 doth she see death sting behind the
 meat, her act the fruit of ignorance.
 How wonderful should the force of at-
 tachment be, that we, being thoroughly
 conversant with the result of actions,
 do not care to cut asunder the net-
 work which brings distress and misery
 in the end!

फलमलमशनाय स्वादु पानाय तोय
 क्षितिरपि शयनार्थं वाससे वन्कल च ।
 नयनमधुपानभ्रान्तसर्वेन्द्रियाणा-
 मविनयमनुमन्तु नोसहे दुर्जनानाम् ॥

For food, fruits in plenty grow For
 drink, the sweet streams flow For bed
 is the earth For dress the beautiful
 trees supply their bark Should man
 then thus enriched, in supplication kneel
 before the drunk and wealthy and
 demoralize himself by their jeers ?

त्रिपुलहृदयैर्धन्यैः कैश्चिज्जगज्जनितं पुरा
 विधृतमपरैर्दत्तं चान्यैर्विजित्य तृणं यथा ।
 इह हि भुवनान्यन्ये धीराश्चतुर्दश भुञ्जते
 कतिपयपुरस्त्राम्ये पुंसां क एष मदञ्जरः ॥

The almighty Lord created the worlds in days of yore. Others—large-hearted—were there who on their shoulders gladly bore the burden of them. There were some who conquered many a kingdom and realizing their worthlessness gave them away. Others have flourished who supplied the wants of millions of afflicted ones. In the face of such personages, has the vanity of the owners of a few acres any place ?

यदा किञ्चिज्ज्ञोऽहं द्विप इव मदान्धः सममयः
 तदा सर्वज्ञोऽस्मीत्यभयदयन्ति मम मनः ।
 यदा किञ्चिद्विद्वद्बुधजनसंज्ञाशाद्वगतः
 तदा मूर्खोऽस्मीति ज्वर इव मदो मे व्यपगतः ॥

When I knew very little I thought
 I knew all Vain I was like the mad
 elephant blinded with passion For-
 tunately as I came in touch with the
 enlightened ones I realized I had known
 nothing Thus my conceit disappeared
 with the dawning of Truth

भोगे रोगमयं कुले ध्युनिमयं त्रिते नृपालाङ्गयं
 माने दैन्यमयं बले रिपुमयं रूपे जराया भयम् ।
 शास्त्रे वादिभयं गुणे खलमयं काये कृतान्ताङ्गयं
 सर्वे यस्तु भयान्वितं भुवि नृणां वैराग्यमेवाग्रयम् ॥

Satisfaction of sensual desires may lead to disease. Glory of high birth may end in disgrace. In wealth and its abundance the wise one sees the watchful jealous eye of the king. Pride carries with it the fear of supplication. Strength has the fear of enemies. Beauty is ever threatened with decay. Knowledge of Śāstras is threatened with unwholesome discussions. This body is haunted with the fear of death. Away from these attachments lies peace—in renunciation alone—for ever and ever

चय येभ्यो जाताश्चिरपरिगता एव खलु ते
 सम यै सवृद्धा स्मृतिविषयता तेऽपि गमिता ।
 इदानीमेते स्म प्रतिदिनसमासजपतनाद्
 गतास्तुल्यानस्या सिद्धतिरनदीतीरतहभि ॥

Our parents have long left us.
 Our friends who flourished and grew with
 us they too are now lost to memory. We
 are now like the trees that stand on the
 sandy banks of a river with roots
 gradually crumbling and wasting away
 with the dash of the rushing
 currents.

अतिक्रान्तः काळो लटभटललाभोगसुभगो
 भ्रमन्तः थान्ताः स्मः सुचिरमिह संसारसरणौ ।
 इदानीं स्वःसिन्धोस्तटपुत्रि समाकन्दनगिरः
 सुतरैः कृत्कारैः शिव शिव शिवेति प्रतनुमः ॥

That wild passion of youth that
 sought to devour the youthful charms
 of jewel-bedecked ladies is past. A
 considerable portion of life has been
 wasted pursuing the phantoms of flesh—
 the objects of sensual pleasures. I feel
 exhausted. Now have I determined to
 denounce these temptresses who entangle
 by their blandishments and to pass
 my days on the holy banks of the
 Ganges, ever chanting the name of
 Śiva.

माने भ्यायिनि खण्डिते च वसुनि व्यर्थे प्रयातेऽर्थिनि
 क्षीणे वन्धुजने गते परिजने नष्टे शनैर्योगने ।
 युक्त केयमेतदेव सुधिया यज्जह्नुकन्यापय -
 पूनप्रागगिरीन्द्रकन्दरतटीमुञ्चे निरास क्वचित् ॥

With power and wealth turned
 then with the means of bestowing
 charity exhausted with brothers and
 sisters, wife and children, kinsmen and the
 loved ones departed from life see the
 right moment is come Wise one, retreat
 into solitude, to some holy corner on
 a hill entwined by the holy waters of
 the Ganges.

यत्रानेकं कचिदपि गृहे तत्र निष्ठस्थैको
 यत्राप्येकस्तदनु बहवस्तत्र चान्ते न चेक ।
 इत्य चेसो रजनिदिवसौ लोलयन् द्वानिनाक्षा
 काळ काल्या भुवनफलके क्रीडति प्राणसारं ॥

The house that was at one time
 inhabited by so many now lies
 deserted Another which was at one
 time occupied by only one is now
 too much crowded Who does not
 know that a time shall come when
 none will remain therein We are
 like mere pawns in this world—a board—
 whereon God Mahākāl is playing at
 dice with his consort Kālī the dices
 being the night and day

तपस्यन्तः सन्तः किमधिनिवसामः सुरनर्दी
गुणोदारान् दाराननुपरिचरामः सविनयम् ।
पिबामः शास्त्रीधानुत विविधकाव्यामृतरसान्
न विन्नः किं कुर्नः कतिपयनिमेषायुषि जने ॥

The space of life is so short and there are so many things to do. We cannot do all. Then which of these shall we choose? To pass our moments in meditation on the banks of the Ganges, or to devote ourselves to women of quality or to drink deep from the fountain of the Śastras or to enjoy beautiful poems?

यत्रानेकः कचिदपि गृहे तत्र तिष्ठत्य
 यत्राप्येकस्तदनु बहवस्तत्र चान्ते न
 इत्थं चेमी रजनिदिवसौ लोडयन् द्वा
 काळः काल्या भुवनफलके क्रीडति प्रा

The house that was at
 inhabited by so many
 deserted. Another which wa
 time occupied by only on
 too much crowded. Who
 know that a time shall
 none will remain there;
 like mere pawns in this work
 whereon God Mahākāl is
 dice with his consort Kāl
 being the night and day.

स्फुरत्स्फारज्योत्स्नाधवलिततले कापि पुलिने
 सुखासीना. शान्तघ्ननिषु रजनीषु घुसरित ।
 भयभोगोद्विप्ता शिव शिव शिवेयुच्चमचस
 कदा यास्यामोऽन्तर्गतमहुलबाष्पाकुलदशाम् ॥

When will those happy days come
 when tired of ministering to the
 whims, pleasures and enjoyments of the
 body, we shall be chanting the Name
 of Lord Śiva, seated on the holy
 banks of the Ganges, its waters glitter-
 ing in the pervading brilliant moonlight
 softly playing on it, with silence reigning
 throughout the night ?

गङ्गातीरे हिमगिरिशिखारूपभासनस्य
 ब्रह्मचर्यानाभ्यसनविधिना योगनिद्रां गतस्य ।
 किं तैर्भाव्यं मम सुदिवसैर्यत्र ते निर्विशङ्काः
 'संप्राप्त्यन्ते जरटहरिणा गात्रकण्डूविनोदम् ॥

When will those happy days dawn,
 when seated in the Padma posture on the
 pure Himalyan peaks by the side of the
 holy Ganges, unmindful of the surround-
 ings, with closed eyes shall I contem-
 plate the Brahma, absorbed in Yoga-
 while the old deer shall fearlessly come
 and rub its shoulders against my body
 to pacify its itching sensations ?

स्फुरत्स्फारज्योत्स्नाधवलिततले कापि पुलिने
 सुखासीना शान्तभ्यनिषु रजनीषु घुसरति ।
 मयामोगोद्विग्रा शिव शिव शिवेत्युच्चमचम
 कदा यास्यामोऽन्तर्गतमहृत्वाप्याकुलदशाम् ॥

When will those happy days come
 when tired of ministering to the
 whims, pleasures and enjoyments of the
 body, we shall be chanting the Name
 of Lord Śiva, seated on the holy
 banks of the Ganges, its waters glitter-
 ing in the pervading brilliant moonlight
 softly playing on it, with silence reigning
 throughout the night ?

आशा नाम नदी मनोरथवला तृष्णातरङ्गावुला
 रागप्राह्वनी विनर्तविहगा धैर्यद्रुमधसिनी ।
 मोहानर्तबुद्धस्तरातिगहना प्रोत्तुङ्गचिन्तातटी
 तस्या पारगता विशुद्धमनसो नन्दन्ति योगेश्वरा ॥

Hope is like a river desires
 the water therein avarice is the ripples
 and attachment for the objects of the
 world are the alligators to be found in
 it Doubts are the water fowls. Glamour
 of the world is the whirlpool in it
 cares and anxieties the slippery banks
 slowly eating away the roots of the
 Tree of Contentment that stands there
 How difficult to cross the River of
 Life! Blessed is the Yogi who does it
 with a pure heart, and attains to joy

एतस्माद्विरमेन्द्रियार्थगहनादायासकादाश्रया-
 च्छ्रेयोमार्गमशेषदुःखशमनव्यापारदक्षं क्षणात् ।
 स्वात्मीभावमुपैहि सन्त्यज निजां कल्लोललोलं गतिं
 मा भूयो भज भङ्गुरां भव्रतिं चेतः प्रसीदाधुना ॥

Mind calm thyself. To satisfy the
 senses do not exert strenuously for the
 objects the worldlings aspire after. Seek
 internal peace, which shall destroy
 sorrows and lead to salvation. Know
 thy nature. Restrain the fruitless
 movements. Never seek what is
 transitory and liable to destruction.
 Seek refuge in the Ātma wherein
 alone lies Peace.

प्राणाघातान्निवृत्तिं परधनहरणे सयमं सत्यवाक्यं
काले शक्त्या प्रदानं युवतिजनकथामूकभावपरिधाम् ।
तृष्णास्त्रोतोविभङ्गो गुरुषु च विनयः सर्वभूतानुकम्पा
सामान्यः सर्वशास्त्रेष्वनुपहतविधिः श्रेयसमोऽप्यन्यथा ॥

Not to kill any living being not
to be tempted to steal other people's
property to speak the truth to
distribute in charity according to
one's capacity not to participate in
discussions about other people's wives
to curb the flow of greed to be meek
before teachers to sympathise with all
creatures to have faith in the Śāstras
and to make no distinction between
faith and faith these are the various
paths leading to everlasting Bliss

रम्यं हर्म्यतलं न किं वसतये श्रव्यं न गेयादिकं
 किं वा प्राणसमासमागमसुखं नैवाधिकं प्रीतये ।
 किं तु भ्रान्तपतङ्गपक्षपवनव्यालोलदीपाङ्कुर-
 च्छायाचञ्चलमाकलय्य सकलं सन्तो वनान्तं गताः ॥

Had not many of the saints, the
 grandest of the palaces to dwell in and
 the sweetest of songs to hear ? Was not
 the company of charming damsels ever
 ready at their beck and call ? What
 was it then that drove them to the
 forests ?

Yes, they were possessed of it all.
 They forsook the world and its allure-
 ments because they saw the transient
 nature of the world, like the falling
 wings of the moth, like the flickering
 shadow of the burning candle-flame.
 The instability of the world drove them
 from it.

मही स्या शय्या विपुलमुपशानं मुज्जलना
 पिनानं चाक्रानं व्यजनमनुकूलोऽयमनिडः ।
 मूर्च्छापथन्द्रो निरतिपनितासङ्गमुदितः
 सुगं शान्तः शेते मुनिरतनुमूर्तिर्नृप इव ॥

The sages enjoy the bare ground as
 their bed on which in comfort they sleep
 as the kings on their elegant couches.
 Their arm serves for a soft pillow, the
 sky for a canopy, the fragrant breeze
 for a fan, the moon for a lamp.
 Renunciation is their consort in whose
 warm embrace they enjoy the same
 pleasure as a King finds in the company
 of his loving Queen.

एकाकी निःस्पृहः शान्तः पाणिपात्रो दिगम्बरः ।
कदा शम्भो भविष्यामि कर्मनिर्मूलनक्षमः ॥

Tell me O Śiva, when shall I find solitude, be freed from desires and obtain peace? When shall my hand serve me as the sole receptacle to receive water, the space around cover me as with garments? When shall I uproot the tree, born of the fruit of my Karmas, and obtain liberation from rebirth, the direct consequence of our actions?

पतो मेरुः श्रीमान्निपतति युगान्ताग्निवह्निः
 समुद्राः शुष्यन्ति प्रचुरमरुत्प्राह्निलयाः ।
 धरा गच्छ्यन्तं धरणिधरपादैरपि धृता
 शरीरे वा यानि करिष्यन्भकर्षाप्रचपले ॥

In that great conflagration of
 Pralaya even the mighty Mount Sumera
 shall crumble to dust; the wide Oceans,
 the home of alligators and croco-
 diles shall dry up; even the earth
 on which these huge mountains find
 support shall be destroyed. What support
 does this frail human body expect that
 flutters at every whiff of the breeze
 like the fan-like ears of the elephant
 that are constantly restless ?

प्राप्ताः श्रियः सकलकामदुष्टास्ततः किं
 न्यस्तं पदं शिरसि विद्विषतां ततः किम् ।
 सम्पादिताः प्रणयिनो विभवैस्ततः किं
 कल्पं स्थितास्तनुमृतां तनुमिस्ततः किम् ॥

What matters, if thou art the master
 of goddess of wealth that could satisfy all
 thy desires! What, if all thy enemies
 are annihilated and friends richly served
 with wealth! What if the span of thy
 life be lengthened to a million years !

जीर्णा कन्या ततः किं सितममळपटं पट्सूत्रं ततः किं
एका भार्या ततः किं ह्यपकरिसुगर्णराश्रुतो वा ततः किम् ।
भस्त्रं भुस्त्रं ततः किं वदशानमयसा वासुरान्ते ततः किं
व्यक्तप्योतिर्नै वान्तर्गथितभस्त्रमयं धर्मयं वा ततः किम् ॥

रम्याश्चान्द्रमरीचयस्तृणवती रम्या वनान्तस्थली
 रम्य साधुसमागमागतसुखकान्येषु रम्या कथा ।
 कौपोपाहितगण्यनिद्रुतरल रम्य प्रियाया मुग्ध
 सर्वं रम्यमनित्यतामुपगते चित्ते न किञ्चिपुन ॥

Beautiful moonlight, the green
 velvety glades covered with grass, the
 company of dear friends, the charms
 of passion poetry, the pearly drops in
 the agitated beloved's eyes, all these
 captivated my heart once Since the
 transience of the world is depicted
 vividly before my mind's eye all these
 enjoyments have now turned insipid
 and lost their charms for me

किं वेदेः स्मृतिभिः पुराणपठनैः शार्ङ्गमहाविस्तैः
 मर्गप्रामुख्येनिरासकृद्देः कर्मक्षयार्थिभ्यः ।
 मुख्यैकं भवदुःखभास्वनारिष्वंमकाष्ठानले
 मास्मानन्दपदप्रवेशकथनं शेषा यमिवृत्तयः ॥

The study of the Vedas, the Smritis, the Puranas, the numerous Śāstras and the practice of the sacrificial rites can at best attain for the devotee a small place in Paradise, no other gain can it ensure. These are like small gains of traders. Nothing but self-realization shall be the sole pursuit of the devotee and it alone shall lead him to cut the bonds of misery in this world.

आयुः कल्लोललोलं कतिपयदिवसस्थायिनी यौवनश्रीः
 अर्याः संकल्पकल्पा घनसमयतडिद्विभ्रमा भोगपूगाः ।
 कण्ठाश्लेषोपगूढं तदपि च न चिरं यत्प्रियाभिः प्रणीतं
 ब्रह्मण्यासक्तचित्ता भवत भवभयाम्भोधिपारं तरीतुम् ॥

Life like the ripples on waters is unstable; youth lasts but a few days; wealth is like a fleeting memory; enjoyments of senses are momentary like the flash of lightning in the rainy season; so too is the delightful embrace of the beloved wife. Take heed, O man, to cross the ocean of life. Merge thyself in Brahma.

प्रप्राण्डमण्डलीमात्रं हि लोभाय मनश्चिनः ।
 शक्तीरसुरितेनाग्निः क्षुप्तो न गडु जायते ॥

Those on whom the light has dawned,
 those who have attained to the knowl-
 edge of Brahma, them the world can-
 not win over. The frisking of the fry
 can seldom rouse a wave in the
 waters of the sea.

मातर्मेदिनि तात मातु सखे तेजः सुबन्धो जलं
 भ्रातर्व्योम निबद्ध एव भवतामन्यः प्रणामाञ्जलिः ।
 सुष्मत्सङ्गवशोपजातसुकृतस्फारस्फुरन्निर्मल-
 ज्ञानापास्ततनस्तमोहमहिमा लीये परब्रह्मणि ॥

O mother earth, father air, friend
 light, kinsman water, brother sky, I
 bid you farewell with folded hands.
 Born of you I did perform many a
 holy act, the fruits whereof opened the
 doors of enlightenment for me and
 destroyed the evil attachments for the
 world. Now I merge myself in the
 Supreme Brahma.

यदाग्नीदधानं स्मरनिमिरसंस्कारजनितं
 तदा दृष्टं नारीमयमिदमशेषं जगदपि ।
 इदानीमस्माकं पटुतरपिरेकाग्रनगुणं
 गतीभूता दृष्टिसिमुनमपि ब्रह्म तनुते ॥

Cupid coloured my vision and
 steeped in ignorance I lay. The whole
 world appeared to me full of beautiful
 maidens. The collyrium of discrimination
 I applied to my eyes. Now I can clearly
 and found that the three worlds were
 rotting but the Lord Himself

यावत्स्वस्थमिदं शरीरमरुज यावच्च दूरे जरा
 यावच्चेन्द्रियशक्तिरप्रतिहता यावत् क्षयो नायुषः ।
 आत्मश्रेयसि तावदेव विदुषा कार्यं प्रयत्नो महान्
 सदीप्तिं भवने तु कूपखननं प्रत्युद्यमः कीदृशः ॥

So long as this body is in good health, old age is at a distance, and the senses maintain their vigour, the wise one should vigorously strive for salvation or else it would be too late. What profiteth the man that starts digging a well when the house is already on fire.

ज्ञानं सत्तां मानमदादिनाशनं
केचिद्वैतमदमानकारणम् ।
मया विविक्तं यत्किञ्चिन्निमुक्तये
कामादुरागमिनिगमकारणम् ॥

नाय ते समयो रहस्यमधुना निद्राति नाथो यदि
 स्थित्वा द्रक्ष्यति कुप्यति प्रभुरिति द्वारेषु येषा वच ।
 चेतस्तानपहाय याहि भजन देवस्य विश्वेशितु-
 निर्दोषारिकनिर्दयोक्त्यपरम् नि सीमदार्मप्रदम् ॥

My Heart ! you knocked at the
 door of a petty man of the earth You
 were told —

'The lord sleeps you cannot see
 him now ' You prefer to wait. They
 tell you 'the lord would be angry if
 he sees you here " Why not then seek
 the door of the Lord of the Universe ?
 No guard stands there None is there
 to utter a harsh word to you. The ap-
 proach is without a bar and peace reigns
 supreme there

प्रियसग विषदण्टप्रातप्रतापपरम्परा-
निरिचपले चिन्ताचक्रे निधाय विधिः सटः ।
मृदमिय सटान्दिष्टीष्ट्य प्रगल्भपुष्टाष्ट्यद्
धनपनि मनो नो ज्ञानीमः वित्तत्र रिगाम्यनि ॥

रे कन्दर्प करं कदर्थयसि किं कोदण्डटङ्कारितै
 रे रे कोकिल कोमलैः कलरवैः किं त्वं ब्रूया जल्पसि ।
 मुग्धे स्निग्धविदग्धक्षेपमधुरैर्लोलैः कटाक्षैरलं
 चेतश्चुम्बितचन्द्रचूडचरणध्यानामृतं वर्तते ॥

Why raisest thou, thy bow to shoot
 the shaft of love O Cupid ? In vain
 thou singest before me thy song of
 separation from thy beloved O cuckoo.
 Why castest thou in vain thy lustful
 glances O beautiful maiden ? Ye cannot
 swerve me from the path of right-
 eousness; now that I have drunk deep
 of the nectar flowing from a meditation
 of the feet of Śiva.

अमृत

यौरीनं शलमण्डजर्जरं यत्था पुनस्तादसी
नेधित्यं निरपेक्षमैश्वर्यमशनं निद्रा श्मशाने यने ।
मिश्रानिद्रममानतानिस्मिन्न चिन्तानिद्रन्याये
पान्नाशेषमदममादमुदितो यौगी भुगं निष्टनि ॥

भोगा भङ्गुरवृत्तयो बहुविधास्तैरेव चायं भव-
 स्तत्कस्येह कृते परिभ्रमत रे लोकाः कृतं चेष्टितैः ।
 आशापाशशतोपशान्तिविशदं चेतः समाधीयतां
 कामोच्छित्तिवशे स्वधामनि यदि श्रद्धेयमस्मद्वचः ॥

Desires and their fulfilment are but passing sensations leading to attachments in the world, the cause of rebirth. Knowing this, people engage themselves in the cycle of actions. What good does come of this evil desire? If you have faith in what I say, then by all that lies in your power shatter this network of desires and hopes and cleanse the mind of them. With the mind thus purified seek refuge at all hours in the Supreme Self of which you are a part.

धन्यानां गिरिवन्दरे निपसतां ज्योतिः परं प्यायना-
मानन्दाभ्युक्ताम् रिपन्ति शत्रुना निःशङ्कमङ्गेशपाः ।
अग्नार्कं तु मनोरथोपरचिन्म्रासादमार्षितद-
र्षादापाननोदिकानुक्कुलानाद्युः परं क्षिपन्ते ॥

आधिब्याधिशतैर्जनस्य विविधैरारोग्यमुन्मूल्यते
 छद्मीर्यत्र पतन्ति तत्र विवृतद्वारा इव व्यापदः ।
 जातं जातमवश्यमाशु विवशं मृत्युः करोत्यात्मसात्
 तत्किं तेन निरङ्कुशेन विधिना यन्निर्मितं सुस्थिरम् ॥

Numerous are the diseases of the mind and the flesh that prey on the human frame. Wherever dwelleth wealth and power, misery and mishaps creep in, as through an open door. Death is sure to follow him soon, who is born. He shall never escape its jaws. I question myself, where is that object created by the wilful Creator that may last for ever ?

शृण्वेणामेवमप्ये नयमिननुभिः स्वीयते गर्भमप्ये
 यान्तादिष्टेयदुःखान्यनित्यतदियमो यौयने चौरभोगः ।
 यामाक्षीयामरुण गिरिमिनामचिरं दमात्रोऽयनाधुः
 मंगारे रे मनुष्या वरुण यदि सुप्तं मन्वस्यन्त्यनि विशित् ॥

व्याघ्रीव तिष्ठति जरा परितर्जयन्ती
 रोगाश्च शत्रव इव प्रहरन्ति देहम् ।
 आयुः परिस्रवति भिन्नघटादिवाम्भो
 लोकन्तथाप्यहितमाचरतीति चिरम् ॥

Like the dreaded wolf old age
 stands at the door. Diseases like enemies
 besseige the citadel of health. Life like
 water from the cracked water-jug silently
 flows away. What a wonder that, man,
 in the teeth of all these facts, should
 act in a way harmful to himself !

गात्रं ह्यनुचितं गतिर्विगमिता भयं च दन्तावडि-
 दंष्ट्रिर्नश्यति कर्तुं चक्षिणा वात्र च ज्ञायाते ।
 वायं नाटियते च साध्यजनो भार्या न शुश्रूषो
 हा ॥ पुरुषस्य जीर्णवपस्य पुत्रोऽप्यनिरासते ॥

व्याघ्रीव तिष्ठति जरा परितर्जयन्ती
 रोगाश्च शत्रव इव प्रहरन्ति देहम् ।
 आयुः परिस्रवति भिन्नघटादिवाम्भो
 लोकन्तयाप्यहितमाचरतीति चित्रम् ॥

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 in the teeth of all these facts, should
 act in a way harmful to himself !

गात्रं मंडुचिनें गतिरिमंजिता भ्रष्टा च दन्तावति-
 रंतिर्नश्यति यस्मिन् यस्मिन्ना यस्मिन् च दन्तावते ।
 गात्रं नाटियते च बान्धवजनो भार्या न शुश्रूषते
 हा यत्रं पुरुषस्य जीर्णायमः पुत्रोऽप्यभिप्रायते ॥

- अहौ वा हारे वा बलवति रिपौ वा मुहुरि वा
- मणौ वा लोष्ट्रे वा कुसुमशयने वा हृदि वा ।
- तृणे वा स्त्रौणे वा मम समदृशो यान्ति दिवसाः
- कचित्पुण्यारण्ये शिव शिव शिवेति प्रलपतः ॥

How I wish I could pass my days in a sacred forest with the name of Lord Śiva constantly on my lips! How I wish I could regard all as the same—a fragment of the all pervading Brahma! Would these eyes leave making any distinctions between reptiles and pets, between the menacing foe and the gentle friend, between a shining gem and a clod of earth, between the velvety sod and the hard stone-slab, between the insignificant straw and the dazzling damsel!

ययमिह परिनुष्टा यत्कलस्य दुर्वृत्तेः
मम इह परितोषो निर्विशेषो विशेषः ।
न गु भवतु दरिद्रो यस्य तृष्णा विनाश
मनसि च परिनुष्टे कोऽर्थात्तु यो दमिष्टः ॥

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